

Athenian News :

O R,

Dunton's Oracle.

From Tuesday March the 7th, to Saturday March the 11th, 1710.

The Mob-Post, or the secret History of Sacheverelism, or High-flying, from the Impeachment of Arch-bishop Laud down to the Trial of Dr. Sacheverell.

TIS a Matter of the last Importance, and which deserves the sober Thoughts of all good Men, how Truth and Peace may be reconcil'd amongst us. It is an Argument the Christian Spirit runs low, when Truth can't be defended but at the Expence of Temper and Moderation. 'Tis a Prospect that moves me very much, when I take a sober View of the State of the Reformation in the present Age. Christianity lies a bleeding, she's wounded by her Friends, her Spirits are almost gone, and her Face looks wither'd and uncharming. How many are the Names, and Divisions among Protestants! And how freely do they sacrifice their Christian Temper, and, as 'twere, mob their Peace and Charity upon the Altars of Contention! This, and that Party must either appropriate Religion and the Truth, or there's no dealing with 'em. A few Forms and Ceremonies must be disputed *pro* and *con*, with greater Warmth and Zeal than we defend the Truth of our Religion, the Divinity of our Saviour, &c. Men of the greatest Piety, whose Hearts were form'd and molded by the Christian Spirit, have always been Men of the greatest Temper, and the most indifferent about the Trifles in Debate. 'Twas a mighty Satisfaction to Arch-bishop Tillotson, that he never had either Heart, or Hand, in promoting the Severities under which the Dissenters suffer'd. Mr. Howe has declar'd it, in his Discourse concerning Union, I must avow it to all the World, it is not this or that external Form, I so much consider in the Matter of Christian Union and Communion, as what Spirit reigns in them with whom I wou'd associate my self. Were but Prejudice remov'd Mobs wou'd be no more heard of, the contending Parties wou'd come much nearer than can easily be suppos'd at present. The Guilt of Prejudice don't lie altogether at the Door of High-Church, the Dissenters are as deep as others, I shall therefore endeavour to expose those wild Excesses they each of 'em run upon, and to bring 'em to that Temper and Moderation which they so much expect, and wish for at the Hands of others; but this can never be effected by slandering and Violence. The Goodness of any Cause is but coarsly recommended by a Mob, or Pulpit-railery; much less shou'd our religious Debates have any Mixture of this Kind. I have all along observ'd, the Men who (like Sach—ll,

M——n, and H——ns) have run the most upon Extreams, to have had but a slender Share either of Learning, or good Sense, and the Length of Time thro' which our Differences have prevail'd, might have convinc'd us sufficiently that Men are not to be brought to Terms by ill Language, and a rebellious Mob, which at best (let 'em huzza which Side they will) are but a confus'd Rabble of Knaves and Fools leaven'd with Variety of inconsistent Principles; for 'till Sach——ll encourag'd the Mob, by going to and from Westminster in Cavalcade, more like an Ambassador of State than a Criminal going to the Bar, the Mob was never known to be for the Ruin of their native Country, but were always true to the Protestant Interest, tho' very irregular in their Way to promote it: But now being encourag'd by Dr. Sach——ll's Satyr on the Revolution, (I mean that scandalous Sermon he preach'd on the 5th of November) they not only insult several Persons of great Quality, by stopping their Coaches, abusing their Persons, and Gutting (as they call it) their Houses, but even threaten the tearing to Pieces the LITTLE Author of this Paper, (meerly for daring to answer his Bear-Garden Sermon, and calling of it *The Bull-baiting*) as appears by the following Letter.

S I R,

I saw one last Night, who told me the Mob are resolv'd to be reveng'd on the Author of the Bull-baiting, if they can meet with him. I give you this Timely Notice, being very unwilling any thing shou'd happen amiss thro' the Neglect of your real Friend—

N. Y.

All the Answer I shall give to this Letter is, that Dunton is not to be bully'd and frighten'd with the impudent Threats of a suppress'd, riotous, High Church Mob, all of 'em Rebels and Scoundrels of a hanging Look. However, 'twas kindly done of my worthy Friend to send me this Timely Notice, for I shall this Day provide my self with an able Sword and a Brace of Pistols, and will fire at the first Man that assaults me, and then I'm secure from Mob, for I saw that Night they burnt Dr. Burgess's Meeting-House, they can't bear the Smell of Gun-powder, and vanish at the Sight of a drawn Sword. I own 'tis as safe to kennel with a mad Bull-dog, as with a furious Mob, except they be muzzel'd and chain'd: But shou'd they get loose again, (and for that Reason I despise all the Revenges that Mob threatens) all the sober Part of Mankind are concern'd to join Hands in their own Defence, and in Self-preservation to tie 'em up; and I believe all but

B

Papists.

Papists, Non-jurors, and Sacheverell's Mob, are of this Opinion, or at least Philanassus is, for since Mob has threaten'd my Life for writing the Bull-baiting, that loyal Gentleman has vindicated (or rather flatter'd) that Book in the following Letter and Anagram.

HENRY SACHEVERELL.
ANAGRAM.

Ver'ly he carry's an HELL.

SIR,

HAVING with great Pleasure and Satisfaction read your late no less seasonable than most diverting Treatise, entitl'd *The Bull-baiting, or Sach*—ll dress'd up in Fire-works, wherein you have represented to the Life that Oxonian, Perkenite Doctor, and expos'd him, as he deserv'd, to publick View; a Work, doubtless, very acceptable to all that are cordial Friends to our excellent QUEEN, the Parliament, and present Settlement. To furnish you with some further Matter for the Strokes of your ingenious Pen, especially at this Juncture of Affairs, I have sent you the foregoing Anagram, which contains a short, but true Description of that Hellish Incendiary, desiring you to under-write a few Verses, which I perswade my self your ripe Genius can readily do, suitable to the Subject, and get them printed forthwith: Whereby you will oblige not only all other well-wishers to our British Constitution, but particularly, Sir,—Your humble Servant—Philanassus Elentheramyntor.

Reader, I can't pretend to deserve any one of those high Encomiums this Letter bestows upon Dunton's Bull-baiting, for tho' Bull-baiting is a Diversion very ancient, and of such Royal and Princely Institution, that Emperors, Kings and Princes have honour'd it with their Company; yet spiritual Bull-baiting is a Pastime wholly new, and as 'twas provided in few Days, can't be very correct, and is meerly flatter'd in that Character Philanassus has given of it. However, since this loyal Gentleman desires a few Verses on his surprizing Anagram, I desire he'd accept the following Lines, which (tho' writ extempore) may perhaps please, as they are adapted to the Title of a Mob-Poet.

HENRY SACHEVERELL.
ANAGRAM.

Ver'ly he carry's an HELL.

HE carries Hell and Devil too in's Breast,
Whose Passive Doctrine makes his Gown a Jest,
That makes a Mob, then kicks the furious Beast:
Who, when Great Britain was in perfect Peace,
Did sow Divisions for to REAP Increase;
'Tis Hell where UNION is the Priest's Disease.
'Tis Bull-baiting where the fierce Doctor's Skill
Does hatch it first, then bodes our future Ill.
High-flyers all have not the least Pretence
To Wit, or Parts, besides Mob-Confidence.
Such please both Hell and Devil by their Fests;
No Wonder then they carry 'em in their Breasts.
They Figures without any Meaning take,
And do a FARCE of Vice and Virtue make.
They carry Hell, and to the Pulpit get,
Meerly to rattle, pelt the Whigs, and fret,
For Railing was never counted Preaching yet.

They toil for Rome, and in the Pulpit try
Their Tacking Strength, and Cob-web Policy.
(Experiments which all good Men defy.)
Such Bellowing Priests make all their Sermons Trash,
They rail at Whigs, but squint themselves at Mass.
Such carry Hell and Mob too in their Throat,
Who prate of Dangers where no Harm is thought.
These are the Priests that live at Wrack and Manger,
And at W——Ch——pel weep the Church's Danger,
Lament her Ruin, and deplore her Doom:
But would you know what Church?—'Tis that of Rome.
'Tis that's the Church they mean, 'tis that they fear;
For there's no other Church in Danger here.
They carry Hell who thus dethrone their Kings,
Who're still agog for Transubstantiate Things,
Chimera Reigns, and Metaphysick Kings.
Sublim'd to School-Divinity Extreams,
Their Brains do crow with Patriarchal Dreams.
Such carry Hell with such a Rebel Glance,
They'd have some Sham Pretender sent from France:
No King by Law, but by some God appointed,
Not Lay-elected, but by Priest anointed.
Now such as preach, and harbour in their Breasts,
Such Passive Cant, such Non-resisting Fests,
Do carry Hell, or serve Monsieur at least.
Then burn this Mobbish, High-flown Anagram,
(I hate all Treason, tho' but in a Name)
Until the Doctor's Tears have wash'd it clean.
Until the Doctor's Ink has eas'd his Breast,
And prov'd that Revolution-Priests are best,
And then we'll call the Doctor Loyal Priest.
And if this Anagram discovers right,
Sure he'll recant before he sleeps this Night,
For the whole Crew of Devils can't be light.
Sure all the Weight of Hell wou'd scarcely float,
Tho' all the Mobs buzza'd and held the Boat,
Or lent Ten Thousand Hands to haul him out.
Then, Sir, recant, they're mob'd, and yield to Evil,
That carry in their Breast a Passive Devil.
Give us a QUEEN Divine by Law and Sense,
Just such a QUEEN as is our present Fence;
She carries Heaven*, and is a legal Prince.
But Tacking Priests in Tyranny delight,
They stretch their King unto the highest Flight;
For thus did 'Chev'el preach, and M——n write.
Such preach a Prince o' th' Blood can ne'er do Ill,
That 'tis their Birth-right to have Pow'r to kill,
And swear their Princes never carry Hell.
They think a Monarch has too great a Mind
To be by Justice, or by Law confin'd,
And this lasts just as long as he is kind.
Try but their Passive Grace, but hang their Friend,
Their Non-resisting Cant is at an End.
But why do I the Mobbers thus arraign,
For truly Jacks have Reason to complain,
As they have rail'd so long, and rail'd in vain.
How did they go, and come, and run, and ride,
To bribe a High-Church Mob unto their Side!
They knew our Ruin lay in this DIVIDE.
But—Ver'ly he needs must carry Hell,
Who by caressing Mobs that did rebel,
Makes Nature war against his Principle.
Thus, Mob, you see I dare a second Time
Bait your Mad Doctor both in Prose and Rhime.

* In her Heart, Life and Reign.

No loyal Man but dares to make a *PASS*
At Passive Rebels that do preach up Wars;
That in the Pulpit beat for Volunteers,
To storm a Bug-bear Castle in the Air.

Now in all these Desolations and Pulpit-plunder you see the shortest Way with the Dissenters, which Daniel de Foe formerly warn'd you of. Blind Faction (adds Daniel) will you ne'er open your Eyes! — But whether you will or no, I shall (as Occasion offers) present the World with such a a Mob-Post (of which this Preface and Anagram gives you a few Hints) as will open the Eyes of all true Protestants, and convince even the Mob it self, that Dr. Sach — II, by his Passive Cant, and Traiterous Sermon, has of himself inflam'd a Protestant Kingdom, occasion'd the shedding of a great deal of Blood, and deserves all he is like to suffer.

A Dying Farewel to all Personal Prejudices.

IN my last Oracle I inserted a General Preface to my Three Thousand Farewels to this Life and World, and therein promis'd to entertain my Athenian Readers with a Dying Farewel every Saturday. To make good this Promise, I shall now proceed to particular Farewels, and to make 'em the more solemn, I'll introduce the several Farewels with

A Dedication to the Living.

UPON the strictest Enquiry, I cou'd find none, every way, so mightily proper as your selves, who are yet labouring forward in a State of Trial and Composition, to whom these Dying Farewels might, so hopefully, be inscrib'd. I am both encourag'd and confirm'd in my Resolution from that Passage, which comes up to the Nature of an Oracle with me, It is better to go to the House of Mourning, than to go to the House of Feasting; for that is the End of all Men, and the living will lay it to Heart. I make no Exceptions among the living, being desirous to copy after the extensive Original of divine Charity and good Will, as near as my Condition and Capacity will admit, God so loved the World. What a Spread has that Love with it! And how great is the Pity, and how deserving of a Lamentation, that Creatures, capable of embibing the Effusions of that Love, shou'd notwithstanding confine its Empire to narrow Limits, and lay it under Restraint by sinful Enmity, Impenitence and Unbelief! God wou'd have all Men be sav'd, and shall he not have my hearty Concurrence! — I have no other Method so promising as this to signify that Kindness which our Saviour recommends in his Abridgment of the Moral Law. If I have been laboriously doing nothing all my Life, I wou'd not willingly trifle now; and if there be any thing in my last Thoughts that deserves to be consider'd, 'tis the best Office I can do to let you have it. Dying Favours are look'd upon and preserv'd with great Value and Respect, and why shou'd Dying Farewels be excluded? Shortly all Intercourse must be cut off betwixt you and me, and you are not to expect Visits and Expresses from the Dead to acquaint you how Matters are in that World. You have Moses and the Prophets, and the Measures of Revelation fill'd up; and if you regard not these, neither wou'd you be perswaded, tho' one rose from the dead. How full is the Evidence of Revelation! As the Mystery of Godliness is, without Controversy, great, so, how desirable were it, the same Mystery shou'd universally, and without all Controversy, be assented to as true, that God was manifested in the Flesh, justify'd in the

Spirit, seen of Angels, preach'd to the Gentiles, believ'd on in the World, and receiv'd up into Glory!

You can't reasonably hope that more extraordinary Means will be us'd to conquer and amaze you into the Belief of the great Articles of Christianity, than those which, in some Sense or other, are in your Hands already. If those don't serve your Turn, God, the great Governour of the unseen World, won't suffer the Inhabitants of that State to lacquey up and down to satisfy the vain and sceptic Curiosity of Sinners. I write this under the Apprehension that I must shortly write and speak no more. I have no Design to recommend some human distinguishing Form of Church Government, nor am I calling down Fire from Heaven upon those who worship on their own Mountain, and won't entertain some Peculiarities of mine. Might but the solemn Farewels I am making to this Life and World be of Use to rectify your Mistakes about seen Things, and to bring you under the mighty transforming Powers of the future Life and World, and to reduce your Spirits into a stated Subjection and Conformity to the Redeemer's Law, in which the Life of Christianity consists, I shou'd esteem my self well employ'd, tho' the Instrument shou'd for ever be forgot. 'Tis true, I was never invest'd with Authority to pronounce that Blessing, yet may the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Love of God the Father, and the Fellowship of the holy Spirit rest upon you all, shall be the earnest Prayer of —
Your most affectionate and humble Servant — John Dunton.

Reader, having dedicated my Three Thousand Farewels to such as perhaps will be living when I'm dead, and therein given the Reader a clear Idea of the Design of my Dying Farewels, I shall now proceed to particular Farewels, and my first shall be

A Dying Farewel to all Personal Prejudices.

The Publick has had the Promise of these Dying Farewels for some Time. The Reasons why they were put off 'till now are such as I am satisfy'd wou'd in Equity excuse me, tho' they are less proper for Publication than I cou'd wish, because of peculiar Circumstances.

IT can't be imagin'd, with Reason, that a Man shou'd pass so many Stages of Life in such a Variety of Circumstances as I have done, but he must have met with Enemies and Offences. 'Tis also manifest what ill Impressions the unchristian Offices of others are, in their own Nature, too apt to leave behind them. Offences and ill Offices, in themselves, are not, by Half, so mischievous as are those Impressions of Resentment and Personal Prejudice. I have had both the Time and the Opportunity to see these Impressions of Resentment thro' a whole Course of their Operation, and, thro' Grace, I can say that I hate and despise their Image. Every Man is apt to dwell upon the peculiar Aggravations of the Offences he has met with, as tho' none had ever been so treated but himself. This Imagination I have frequently found to be false in Fact. Before I leave this World I am resolv'd to rid my self of these Incumbrances, nor shall they sowre my Spirits, or damp my Humour any more. I give publick Notice therefore by this Instrument, that I am in hearty, sincere Charity with all the World; that tho' I hate the Sins, yet I love the Persons of all Mankind; and that Offences, of whatever Kind, are hereby, and from this Time, fully forgiven, so far as I have either any Concern or Power, the Number, the Nature, and the Aggravations of those Crimes

notwithstanding. Forgiveness of Sins at the Hands of God is put under this Condition, *if I forgive my Brother*. Not that the *Forgiveness of a Brother* will alone entitle to Forgiveness with God. Such *Promises* are to be understood with a *si cetera sint paria*. He who forgives his Brother and does himself comport with the other Conditions of *Gospel Pardon*, shall have Remission for his own Sins: But an unforgiving Disposition is it self a *Bar* to Forgiveness with God. *If ye forgive not Men their Trespases, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you*. Upon the whole, I dare not appear in the solemn Presence of my Judge in an unforgiving Temper. Justly may the *Enquiry* be made, shou'dst not thou have had Compassion on thy Fellow-Servant, even as I had Compassion on thee? 'Tis of no Account with me, if it be said, *Your offending Brother is impenitent in his Sin*. I wou'd not want the Forgiveness of my own Sins at the Hands of God, purely because a Brother is not dispos'd to repent of his Offences committed against me. Besides, I am not the proper Judge whether a Brother does repent or no. He may have the Disposition, when he won't acknowledge in the very Terms. The Forgiveness I here publish to the World reaches to all Offences against me, *past, present, and to come*. If any e'er resolv'd to treat my *Memory* with the worst of Contempt, I forgive them before-hand. Tho' my Enemies have been as many and more than there are initial Letters in the *Alphabet* to begin their Names with, yet, be it known, my own Sins against God himself, do infinitely exceed in Number, Nature, and Aggravation, all the Offences that have ever been committed against me; and *shall I not forgive?* Yes, I do it heartily. I wish my Enemies no Evil, nor do I secretly rejoyce when it comes. *Prov. 24. 17. Rejoyce not when thine Enemy falleth, and let not thy Heart cheer thee when he stumbleth. V. 18. Lest the Lord see it and it displease him.* If for the future, there shou'd ever be Occasion to mention past Offences, thus solemnly and publicly forgiven, I promise to guard from all manner of *Reproach*, and every thing that can evidence the Pardon is *cancell'd*.

How easy are my Spirits now! Lord, encrease this Temper, because it bears thy Image.

There is Revenge and ill Nature in every Creature, and as long as Men are Sinners themselves they'll love to hear of the Failings of others as (they think) it lessens their own. This is all wrong, for I think it my Duty to publish this *Dying Farewel to all Personal Prejudices*, and what I find necessary for my own Practice I hope may be of Use to others, for it must be acknowledg'd that *Detraction* and *Malice* doth employ a good Part of the Tongues and Ears of the whole World. Most Pleasures leave an ungrateful Relish behind 'em, there is none but Revenge that gives a full Satisfaction, it grows sweeter after it has been tasted, and it continually augments in Proportion to the Sufferings of our Enemy. 'Tis my Constitution-sin, and, like *D—F—*, I never forgive those that offend me 'till I see 'em penitent. My *Question-Project* ow'd its Rise to a flaming Injury I receiv'd from a near Relation, and *Dunton's Whipping-Post* to the Wrong done me by the *British Apollo*. But tho' *Revenge* is sweet, and the most enticing of all Vices, yet I'll no longer harbour it, for I find it discharges at once its Pleasure with its Fury, and like a Bee languishes after it hath spent its Sting, and when it is once acted (which is often in one Moment) it ceaseth from that Moment to be a Pleasure, and such as are tickl'd once with it, are afraid of its Re-

membrance, and think worse of it than they did formerly of the Affront, to expiate which it was undertaken. I confess this both to caution all Men against *Revenge* and *Personal Prejudice*; and to make my Farewel to it the more solemn and hearty, 'tis now so easy to me to *forgive an Injury*, 'tis scarce a Virtue.

Methinks I now breath another sort of Air than before, 'tis unruff'd with Storms and Passions, where *Prejudices* once laid their Trains and then put Fire to them, I can now leave the World with much greater Ease, and reflect upon this State with inward and valuable Peace, having, in this Sense, quitted Scores with all Mankind. I feel the Raptures begin to rise that flow from a Mind which is conscious to it self that it forgives without Reluctancy. 'Tis my sincere Prayer that no Enemy of mine may ever suffer in his Temporal or Eternal Concernments because he has in any Kind injur'd me. Not that I place the least Hope of Merit in this hearty Farewel to *Personal Prejudices*. I consider it as the Matter of plain Duty, which is founded in the Reason of the Case, and enforc'd by express Revelation. If a Christian shou'd not go upon his Knees with an unforgiving Temper, much less shou'd he dare to enter upon the unseen World, and the awful Presence of his Judge, in that Condition. *Plutarch* informs us that the Pupils of *Pythagoras*, if they had disagreed and reproach'd one another, as no Doubt little Injuries would be falling out now and then, yet were they sure to shake Hands and embrace one another, *πριν ἢ τὸν ἥλιον δύειν*, before the Sun set. This Practice shou'd make Christians ashamed of their Prejudices.

Thus, e'er I join blest'd Kindred, Souls above,
In Praise, and breath their Element of Love,
I sign this Instrument, for yet I live,
And all Mankind, and ev'n Apollo's Scribes forgive.
This Pardon reaches (being all in Hast)
Both what's to come, the present, and the past.

I have answer'd great Variety of nice and curious Questions which were sent to me by the ingenious *Malamoris*, several Gentlemen of both Universities, and by the Author of that diverting Poem entitl'd—*A Duel with the Passions*—but for want of Room I must reserve these Answers for the next *Casuistical Post*, where the Reader may expect my Letter to the Interloper, or *British Apollo*; but *Dunton's Post* taking up more Room than was expected, I han't Room here to make a *Pass* at that dull, ignorant, false and impertinent Scribler, *M. Smith*, that has been long aping and lessening the Credit of my *Question-Project* by his weak and ridiculous Answers, and yet has the Impudence and Folly to stile himself the *British Apollo*.

I shall only add, if any ingenious Gentleman has a Mind to send any nice Questions of his own answering, or any Poetical Questions unanswered, they shan't fail of a Place and Answer in *Dunton's Oracle*; and that the young Ladies and Batchelors may not think I forget 'em, I shall (when I have fix'd my Paper by graver Matters) present 'em often with a merry, humorous, and Poetical Post.

ADVERTISEMENT.

* * The Amorous War, or a Duel with the Passions, a Poem, in a Letter to a Friend. By a Gentleman of the University of Oxford. To which is added, the Defeat, or the Lover vanquish'd, and again rallying with a Smile. Sold by T. Darrack, Printer, in Peterborough-Court in Little-Britain, Price 2 d.

LONDON: Printed by T. Darrack, in Little-Britain, and Sold by J. Morphew near Stationers Hall.